AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

№22 OCT.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

Out OF THE ANCIENT DEPTHS OF A MUSTY EGYPTIAN TOMB IT CAME---A MURDEROUS MONSTER THAT CARRIED THE CURSE OF FIRE! FOR A TENSE BREATHLESS STORY OF THE SUPER-NATURAL READ--- "The CURSED CASKET"

FREE OF THE BOUNDS OF EARTH--- FREE TO FULFILL MY FLAMING DESTINY!

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!
We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!

MAKE BIG MONEY
WITH FAST-SELLING WARM
MASON LEATHER JACKETS



Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets — nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder!—You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to $10.00 a day EXTRA income!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!



Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Non-scuff, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with wooly Sheepskin, and new Horsehide work shoe also warmly lined with fleecy Sheepskin and made with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!



These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

• • • Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Capeskin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

- Warm, cozy linings of real Sheepskin...nature's own protection against cold!
- Quilted and rayon linings!
- Laskin Lamb waterproof, non-matting fur collars!
- Knitted wristlets!
- Especially-treated leathers that do not scuff or peel!
- Zipper Fronts!
- Extra-large pockets!
- Variety of colors for every taste: brown, black, green, grey, tan, blue!

Even MORE Profits with Special-Feature Shoes

Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Velvet-eez Air-Cushion Shoes in 150 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Innersole gives wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. As the Mason man in your town, you actually feature more shoes in a greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-from-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers in the style they want — they keep re-ordering, too — put dollars and dollars into your pocket! Join the exceptional men who make up to $200 extra a month and get their family's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today—I'll rush your powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstrator, and EVERYTHING you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA 178
MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start my own **extra-income** business! Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, other fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name _____

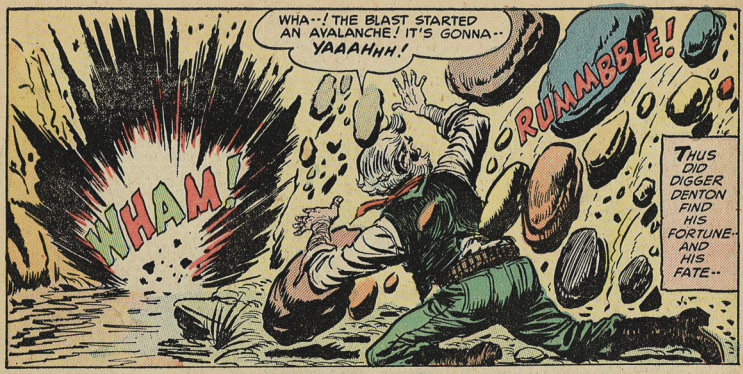
Address _____ Age _____

Town _____ State _____

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
DEPT. MA 178
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.



FORBIDDEN WORLDS, published monthly and copyright, 1953, by Titan Publishing Co. Inc., 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), $1.20; single copies, $0.10; foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y. Re-entered as second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Missouri. No. 22, October, 1953. Printed in U.S.A.


WHA--! THE BLAST STARTED AN AVALANCHE! IT'S GONNA-- YAAAHHH!
WHAM!
RUMMBBLE!
THUS DID DIGGER DENTON FIND HIS FORTUNE-- AND HIS FATE--


BUT THEN, FROM THE ROCKS, AN AWSOME FIGURE STRUGGLED --AND ROSE!
GOSH A'MIGHTY-- IT'S A WONDER I WASN'T KILT UNDER ALL THEM ROCKS! MUST BE MY LUCKY DAY!


THEN, AS DIGGER TURNED, A DREAD SPECTRE STOOD REVEALED IN ALL ITS SATANICAL HORROR!
HUH! WHAT THE DEVIL--?
CORRECT, DIGGER! I AM SATAN, AND YOU WERE KILLED IN THE AVALANCHE! I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOUR SOUL TO HADES!

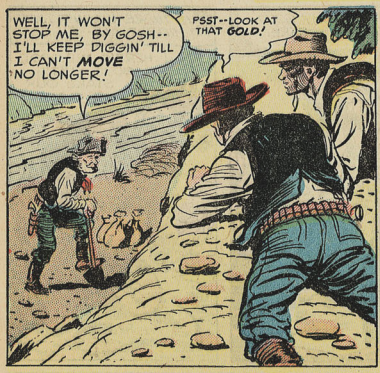

A LIFETIME OF HARD KNOCKS HAD MADE DIGGER A FATALIST, SO--
ALL RIGHT, I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YE-- SOON'S I GET MY GOLD!
WAIT-- HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU!

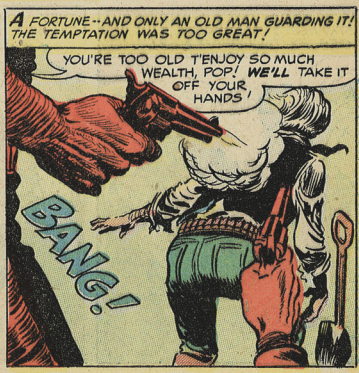

LISTEN--IT TOOK ME FORTY YEARS TO MAKE THIS STRIKE-- AN' NOBODY'S DEPRIVIN' ME OF IT, IF I CAN'T TAKE IT WITH ME--I WON'T GO!
2


NEVER HAD A MORTAL SOUL SHOWN SUCH COURAGE AS TO DEFY THE MASTER OF DARKNESS! HE SMILED GRIMLY AND--
VERY WELL, THEN-- STAY! BUT REMEMBER, YOU'RE A CORPSE-- AND YOU MAY FIND EVERYDAY LIFE INCONVENIENT!


WITH A CLAP OF THUNDER, THE FEARFUL VISITOR VANISHED--
WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT?--OH, WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO WORK!
CRASH!


SOME DAYS LATER, DIGGER FELT A SUDDEN STAB OF DREAD--
MY HANDS--! THEY LOOK--LIKE BONES! SO THIS IS WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO ME!


WELL, IT WON'T STOP ME, BY GOSH-- I'LL KEEP DIGGIN' TILL I CAN'T MOVE NO LONGER!
PSST--LOOK AT THAT GOLD!


A FORTUNE--AND ONLY AN OLD MAN GUARDING IT! THE TEMPTATION WAS TOO GREAT!
YOU'RE TOO OLD T'ENJOY SO MUCH WEALTH, POP! WE'LL TAKE IT OFF YOUR HANDS!
BANG!


THE "OLD MAN" TURNED, UNHARMED, TO REVEAL A VENGEFUL FACE OF HORROR!
N-NO-- ARGH!


NEVER DID LIKE GUYS WHO'D SHOOT HELPLESS OLD PROSPECTORS IN THE BACK!


NEXT DAY, THE TWO BODIES FLOATED PAST A DINGY MINING TOWN MILES AWAY--
IT'S PETE AN' RUSTY--LOOKS LIKE THEY PUSHED THEIR LUCK TOO FAR!
HEY, LOOK--GOLD NUGGETS IN THE CUFFS O' THEIR PANTS! THERE MUST BE A FORTUNE IN THIS CREEK--UP IN THE HILLS!
THUS BEGAN ONE OF HISTORY'S STRANGEST GOLD RUSHES--SET OFF BY TWO DEAD MEN!
THEY WON'T GET MY GOLD--I'LL HIDE IT IN THIS HERE CAVE!
BUT THERE WASN'T TIME TO HIDE IT ALL--
HERE'S THE SPOT, BOYS--LET'S STAKE OUR CLAIMS!
BEFORE LONG, A FLIMSY TOWN HAD SPRUNG UP--THE BOOM WAS ON!
SALOON
DIGGER, CONFINED TO HIS TINY CAVE FOR WEEKS, DECIDED TO GO TO TOWN--
I GOT ALL THE GOLD I CAN USE--MIGHT'S WELL SPEND SOME OF IT!
4

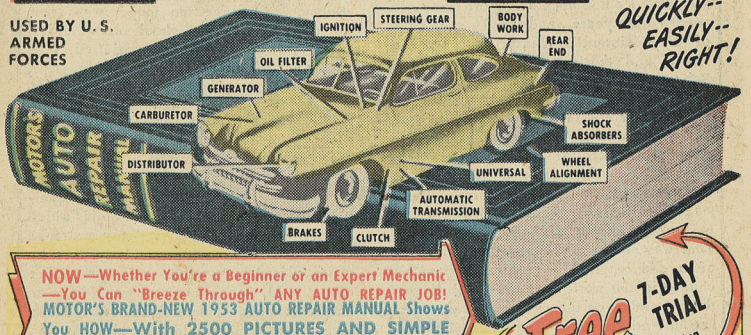

BUT THE LONESOME SPIRIT FORGOT THAT HE WAS NOW A THING TO INSPIRE TERROR IN LIVING MEN--
IT'S A-- LIVING CORPSE!
YE BLASTED FOOLS! MY GOLD'S JUST AS GOOD AS THE NEXT MAN'S!
BAM!
SADDENED, DIGGER TURNED BACK TOWARD THE FRIENDLY HILLS--
SALOON
BUT UNKNOWN TO HIM, HIS ANGRY BLOW HAD SPLIT THE BAG OF GOLD DUST--
FEARFULLY, THE MEN FOLLOWED THE GOLDEN TRAIL TO THE CAVE--
NO CORPSE IS GONNA KEEP ME FROM GETTIN' THAT GOLD--AN' I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!
LATER THAT DAY--
THIS'S AN' APACHE MEDICINE-MAN,' HIS SPECIALTY IS RAISIN' DEAD SPIRITS--AND LOWERIN' 'EM!
IS TRUE--I HAVE FREED MANY SPIRITS OF MY PEOPLE--SENT THEM TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND!
MEANWHILE, DIGGER REACHED A FATEFUL DECISION--
I WAS A FOOL! EVEN HADES WOULD BE BETTER'N THIS!... IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, SATAN, I GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL YE!
AN INSTANT LATER--THE DREAD APPARITION!
I SEE NOW THAT WEALTH IS WORTHLESS IF Y'CAN'T USE IT! I'M READY TO GO WITH YE--WITHOUT THE GOLD!
5


AT THAT MOMENT, AN EAGER CROWD REACHED THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE..
OKAY, DOC-- DO YOUR STUFF!
O MASTERS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD, HEAR ME!
WITHIN, SATAN'S SHREWD BRAIN FORMED A PLAN--
VERY WELL-- PREPARE TO DEPART--
--THAT MEDICINE MAN OUTSIDE WILL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE OF TRANSPORTING HIM TO HADES!
AS THE MYSTIC INCANTATION ENDED--
IT IS DONE! THE OLD MAN'S SPIRIT HAS GONE TO ITS ETERNAL REST!
THEIR TERROR OVERCOME BY GREED, THE MEN STORMED INTO THE CAVE TO FIND--
IT'S TRUE-- HE'S GONE! BUT--
--SO IS THE GOLD!
BECAUSE THERE IS NO TIME IN THE ETERNITY OF THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE NEXT SCENE TAKES PLACE AT THAT VERY MOMENT..
LIKE YOU SAID, DIGGER, THERE'S NO USE IN HAVING ALL THAT GOLD IF YOU CAN'T USE IT!
NEXT!
SO YOU SEE, READER, YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU-- IF YOU FIGHT LIKE THE DEVIL!
The End.

HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U. S. ARMED FORCES

QUICKLY-- EASILY-- RIGHT!



NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic —You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB! MOTOR'S BRAND-NEW 1953 AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows You HOW—With 2500 PICTURES AND SIMPLE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS.

Free 7-DAY TRIAL
Return and Pay Nothing If Not Satisfied!

COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1935 THRU 1953

YES, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

No guesswork! MOTOR'S Manual takes nothing for granted. Tells you where to start. What tools to use. Then it leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation!

Over 2,500 Pictures! So Complete, So Simple, You CAN'T Go Wrong!

BRAND-NEW REVISED Edition covers everything you need to know to repair 907 car models. 850 giant pages, 2500 "This-Is-How" pictures. Over 200 "Quick-Check" charts—more than 37,000 essential repair specifications. Over 227,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures are so clear you *can't* go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch mechanic, you'll find short-cuts that will amaze you. No wonder this guide is used by the U. S. Army and Navy! No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Man's Bible"!

Same FREE Offer On MOTOR'S Truck and Tractor Manual
Covers EVERY job on EVERY popular make gasoline truck, tractor made from 1936 thru 1952. FREE 7-Day Trial. Check proper box in coupon.

Meat of Over 189 Official Shop Manuals

Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of MOTOR have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 189 Official Shop Manuals, "boiled it down" into crystal-clear terms in one handy indexed book!

Try Book FREE 7 Days

SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon! When the postman brings book, pay him nothing. First, make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen — return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: *MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 909, 250 West 55th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.*

Covers 907 Models—All These Makes

Buick	Henry J	Nash Rambler
Cadillac	Hudson	Oldsmobile
Chevrolet	Kaiser	Packard
Chrysler	Lafayette	Plymouth
Crosley	La Salle	Pontiac
De Soto	Lincoln	Studebaker
Dodge	Mercury	Terraplane
Ford	Nash	Willys
Frazer		



Many Letters of Praise from Users

"MOTOR'S Manual paid for itself on the first 2 jobs, and saved me valuable time by eliminating guesswork."
—W. SCHROP, Ohio.

He Does Job in 30 Min.—Fixed motor another mechanic had worked on half a day. With your Manual I did it in 30 minutes."
—C. AUBERRY, Tenn.



MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

MOTOR BOOK DEPT.
Desk 909, 250 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once (check box opposite book you want):

☐ **MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit $1 in 7 days, $2 monthly for 2 months and a final payment of 95c (plus 35c delivery charges) one month after that. Otherwise I will return the book postpaid in 7 days. *(Foreign price, remit $8 cash with order.)*

☐ **MOTOR'S New TRUCK & TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit $2 in 7 days, and $2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charges with final payment. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. *(Foreign price, remit $10 cash with order.)*

Print Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check box and save 35c shipping charge by enclosing WITH coupon entire payment of $5.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or $8 for Truck and Tractor Repair Manual.) Same 7-day return-refund privilege applies.

THE HUNGRY PICTURE

HENRY BEVINGTON was assistant curator of fine arts for the Civic Museum. He had been assistant curator for twenty-three years...and nobody ever hears of an assistant! That's what troubled Henry, and that's why he was jealous of Robert Adams, full-fledged curator of the division. Henry thought he knew more than his superior and felt that he rated his job. But there was no chance of Adams ever quitting...he liked his position far too much ...particularly since it gave him the opportunity to lord it over his assistant. Which meant that Henry Bevington would *never* get to be head curator...unless his boss died! *That* was an event which Henry dreamed of often and longingly. But there wasn't a chance in the world that he would do anything to advance the event. At least...not until the arrival of the Farrell consignment.

The Farrell consignment was a shipment of rare pictures from the Orient. They were rare and incredibly ancient, and Curator Adams made sure that the arduous job of cataloguing them went to Henry. Working with suppressed fury, the assistant curator went about his task, which necessitated long overtime hours. He was particularly fascinated by one picture, which, according to his listing, had been unearthed from the tomb of an ancient necromancer. It depicted a ravening ghoul from Hades...a creature of monstrous proportions whose brawny arms were extended as if to gather in any prey unfortunate enough to come its way. Its details were hard to grasp, so lightened by age were its lines. Henry felt a strange compulsion to study the painting more carefully, and trained a high-powered magnifying glass upon it. As he did so, he recoiled in horror. For the ghoul's features were clearly visible now...and they wore an expression of such starved and hideous greed as to assume nightmare proportions. Shaken, Henry placed the painting upright on a nearby chair...to which, a moment later, the museum's pet cat lithely leaped. It was over in a moment. Henry's eyes caught a blur of motion, almost as if something had reached out of the picture...and the cat was gone! Hardly daring to believe his eyes, he approached the painting warily, keeping his distance. Strange...no longer was it as faded as before. The ghoul seemed different, too...its face more satisfied, less starved! And, almost subconsciously, Henry noted the time on the museum clock. *Midnight.*

It seemed impossible, and yet...there it was! The assistant curator isolated the picture, studied it...and almost at once, discovered proof of his awful suspicion. For, within the painting, at the feet of the ghoul itself, lay a small object...which the magnifying glass revealed to be the collar which the cat had worn! It gave Henry a strange feeling of satisfaction, particularly when he contemplated the tremendous size and power of the ghoul. Such a creature would have an enormous appetite, to which something much larger than a cat would offer no difficulty. Say a *man,* for instance! Hmmm...midnight was when the creature seemed to have its awful power. So it was that, a few nights later, Curator Adams received a phone call from his assistant, who told of trouble at the museum which required his immediate presence, then hung up without further details. Arriving at the museum shortly before midnight, Adams was met by Henry Bevington, who, declining explanation, ushered his superior into his office. "I'd like to show you something," he said tensely, as the clock commenced its midnight toll. "That picture on the wall...come here...closer... *closer...*"

It was as he herded Adams towards the waiting picture that Henry stumbled. He fell headlong toward the painting. Adams was in no position to see the details. He couldn't see the awful ghoul lunge, seize the falling man, drag him greedily towards the waiting fangs. All he heard was a shriek and a terrible crunching noise...and Henry disappeared. Adams got the shock of his life when he looked into the picture. The ghoul could be plainly seen now, the lines of its body dark and definite, an expression of malovolent triumph on its awful countenance. And at its feet, staring sightlessly from the frame, was the head of Henry Bevington.

ITS ORIGIN WAS IN THE PAST, BUT IT SPANNED THE CENTURIES WITH THE BURNING WRATH OF A LIVING FLAME! FIERY DESTRUCTION WAS ITS CREED, AND ALL BECAUSE OF ONE MAN'S IMPATIENCE AND THE HORRIBLE SECRET OF---

The CURSED CASKET!








IT'S MY JOB TO CATALOGUE THIS PIECE FOR THE MUSEUM AUTHORITIES! ALL THAT BOB HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIND OUT, SO FAR, IS THAT IT CONTAINS THE REMAINS OF A DISCIPLE TO SOME ANCIENT FIRE SPIRIT---AND THAT ISN'T ENOUGH! BESIDES, WE'D HAVE TO OPEN IT SOMETIME---SO IT MAY AS WELL BE NOW!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, BOB?
AS A RULE, THE DECIPHERING SHOULD COME FIRST, ANNE--- BUT IF GEORGE FEELS WE SHOULDN'T WAIT---THEN I'LL STRING ALONG!
THIS ACETYLENE TORCH IS CUTTING THROUGH THE LEAD SEALING EASY AS PIE! JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE AND--- THERE SHE GOES!
HISSSSSSS!
AS GEORGE LIFTS THE PONDEROUS LID...
NOW WE'LL KNOW ONCE AND FOR---WHAT THE ---! IT CAN'T BE!
I AM FREE! FREE AT LAST!
IT'S FILLED WITH EARTH! NOTHING BUT PLAIN EARTH!
OF ALL THE BLASTED LUCK!
AS GEORGE TURNS---AND THE FLAME FROM THE TORCH ACCIDENTALLY FALLS UPON THE EARTH-FILLED CASKET---
CAREFUL WITH THAT FLAME!
THEN, BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES---REARING FROM THE SARCOPHAGUS...
2


NO···D-DON'T LOOK!
OH-HH! IT···IT'S GOT GEORGE···
ARGH!
THAT APPARITION ···IT'S GONE! BUT GEORGE ···IS HE···
YES, ANNE! HE'S··· DEAD!
IT WASN'T ANYTHING ALIVE, AND YET···IT KILLED HIM! WHAT WAS IT? WHAT WAS IT?
I DON'T KNOW ···BUT I'M SURE OF ONE THING! WHATEVER IT WAS, IT'S TIED UP WITH THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FIRE SPIRIT!
REMEMBER HOW IT HAPPENED? THE MOMENT THE FLAME FROM THAT TORCH SEARED THE EARTH, IT SPRANG INTO BEING! THE FLAME GAVE IT LIFE! WHAT MORE PROOF COULD THERE BE?
THEN··· THEN WE'VE RELEASED A FIENDISH CREATURE! BUT HOW DO WE STOP IT?
I DON'T KNOW! THE ANSWER MAY BE IN THOSE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE CASKET··· IF EVER I CAN DECIPHER THEM!
AND IN THE MEANTIME··· THAT THING IS FREE!
YES, FREE···AND THE MONSTROUS CREATURE ENJOYED IT'S NEW-FOUND FREEDOM!
BURN···BURN! NOTHING CAN WITHSTAND ME··· NOTHING!
INSIDE A LARGE TRUCK, ALONG A HIGHWAY···
I SMELL SMOKE, JOE! LIKE TREES BURNIN'!
YEAH! AN' WITH THE LOAD OF GASOLINE WE'RE CARRYIN', THAT AIN'T GOOD!
NEWT 2 MI.
3.


IT'S GETTIN' STRONGER, JOE! PLAY IT SAFE AND PULL OVER TO THE SIDE!
HA-HA!

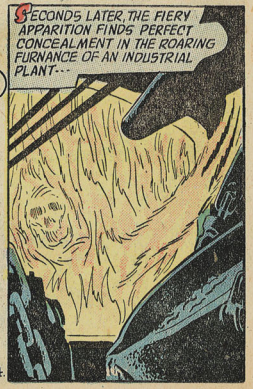

HA-HAH!
BA-ROOM!

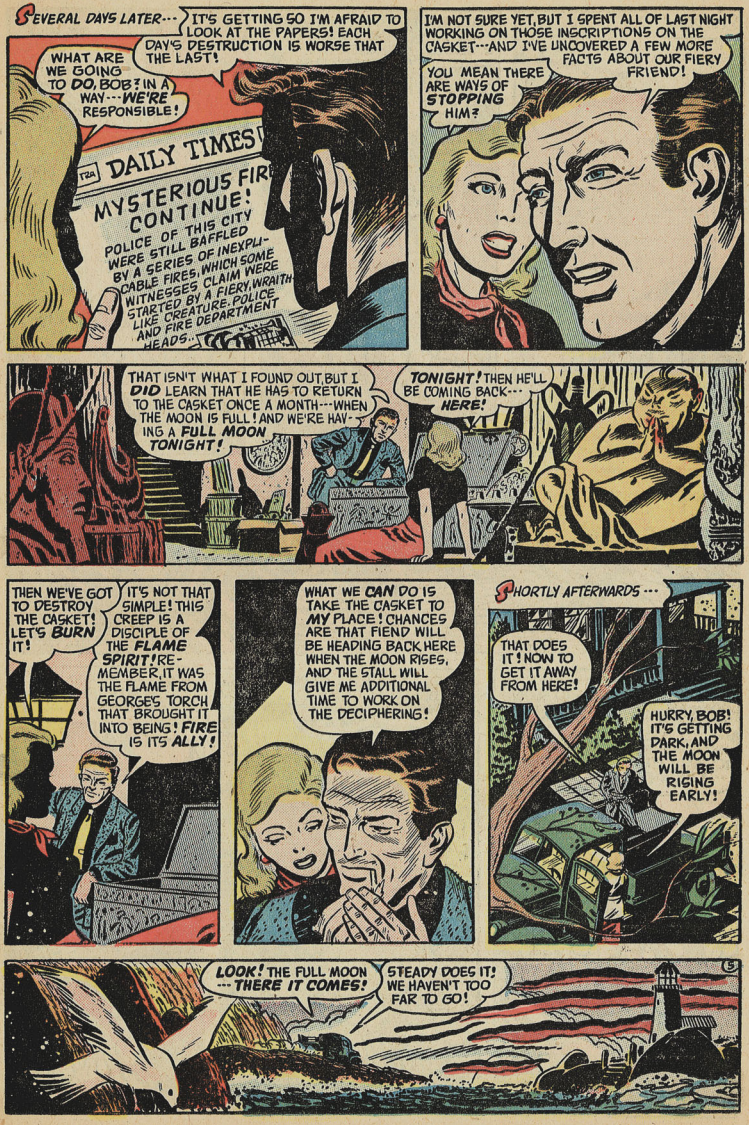

AND IN THE LIVING ROOM OF A HOME, NOT FAR OFF···
THAT NOISE! IT SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION!
IT SURE DID! SEEMS LIKE IT CAME FROM THE HIGHWAY!


SUDDENLY···
OH, NO··· NO!
CRASH!
GREAT GUNS! WHAT'S THAT?

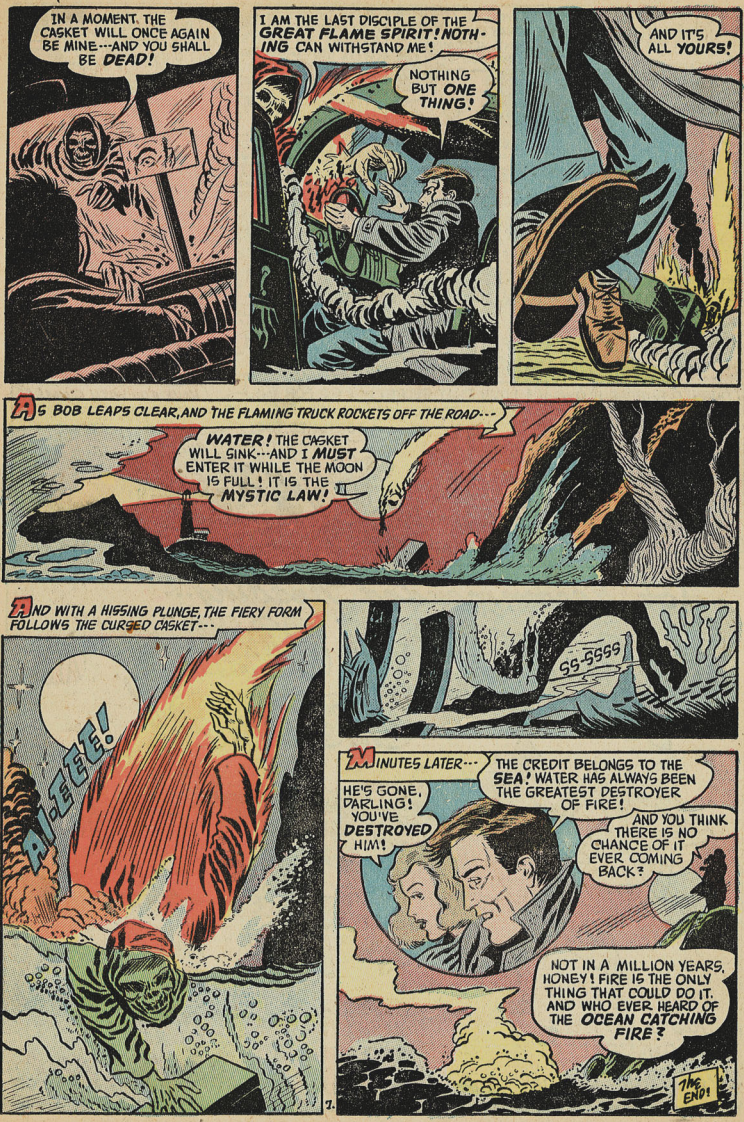

MY FLAMES SHALL BURN··· DESTROY!
SWOOSHHHHHH!

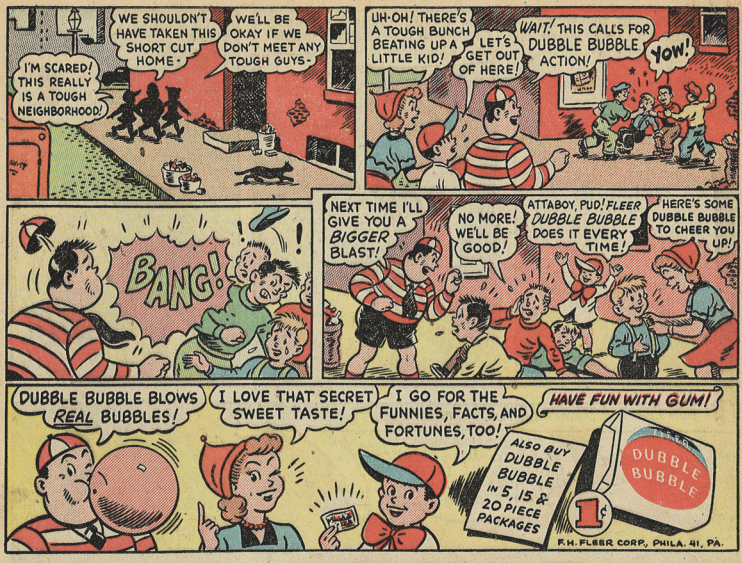

AND WHEN DAWN STREAKS THE EASTERN SKY···
DAYLIGHT WILL SOON BE HERE, AND I MUST FIND A FLAME IN WHICH TO HIDE TILL NIGHT COMES ONCE AGAIN!


SECONDS LATER, THE FIERY APPARITION FINDS PERFECT CONCEALMENT IN THE ROARING FURNANCE OF AN INDUSTRIAL PLANT···


SEVERAL DAYS LATER···
IT'S GETTING SO I'M AFRAID TO LOOK AT THE PAPERS! EACH DAY'S DESTRUCTION IS WORSE THAN THE LAST!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, BOB? IN A WAY··· WE'RE RESPONSIBLE!
DAILY TIMES
MYSTERIOUS FIR
CONTINUE!
POLICE OF THIS CITY WERE STILL BAFFLED BY A SERIES OF INEXPLICABLE FIRES, WHICH SOME WITNESSES CLAIM WERE STARTED BY A FIERY, WRAITH LIKE CREATURE. POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENT HEADS...
I'M NOT SURE YET, BUT I SPENT ALL OF LAST NIGHT WORKING ON THOSE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE CASKET···AND I'VE UNCOVERED A FEW MORE FACTS ABOUT OUR FIERY FRIEND!
YOU MEAN THERE ARE WAYS OF STOPPING HIM?
THAT ISN'T WHAT I FOUND OUT, BUT I DID LEARN THAT HE HAS TO RETURN TO THE CASKET ONCE A MONTH···WHEN THE MOON IS FULL! AND WE'RE HAVING A FULL MOON TONIGHT!
TONIGHT! THEN HE'LL BE COMING BACK··· HERE!
THEN WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE CASKET! LET'S BURN IT!
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE! THIS CREEP IS A DISCIPLE OF THE FLAME SPIRIT! REMEMBER, IT WAS THE FLAME FROM GEORGES TORCH THAT BROUGHT IT INTO BEING! FIRE IS ITS ALLY!
WHAT WE CAN DO IS TAKE THE CASKET TO MY PLACE! CHANCES ARE THAT FIEND WILL BE HEADING BACK HERE WHEN THE MOON RISES, AND THE STALL WILL GIVE ME ADDITIONAL TIME TO WORK ON THE DECIPHERING!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS ···
THAT DOES IT! NOW TO GET IT AWAY FROM HERE!
HURRY, BOB! IT'S GETTING DARK, AND THE MOON WILL BE RISING EARLY!
LOOK! THE FULL MOON --- THERE IT COMES!
STEADY DOES IT! WE HAVEN'T TOO FAR TO GO!
5


SUDDENLY···
BOB··· IT'S HIM!
HOLD TIGHT! WE'RE GOING TO TRAVEL!
FASTER ···HE'S GAINING!
IT'S NO USE, ANNE! I HAD A HUNCH THAT WHEREVER THIS CASKET WOULD GO, THAT CREEP WOULD BE SURE TO FOLLOW! ONLY I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE THIS SOON!
THE PUNY FOOLS! DID THEY THINK THEY COULD ESCAPE ME?
THE TRUCK, BOB! HE'S SET IT AFIRE! WE'LL BE KILLED!
I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! A CHANCE OF BEATING THIS THING AT ITS OWN GAME!
BUT IT'S TOO RISKY TO TRY IT WITH YOU ALONG! I'M GOING TO SLOW DOWN, AND WHEN I GIVE THE WORD I WANT YOU TO JUMP CLEAR!
AND LEAVE YOU TO HIM? NO, BOB ···I WON'T!
THERE ISN'T TIME TO ARGUE! OUT YOU GO!
OH···HH!
STILL HE TRIES TO FLEE! BUT IT'S NO USE···HE'LL NEVER EVADE MY FIERY TOUCH!
6


IN A MOMENT, THE CASKET WILL ONCE AGAIN BE MINE---AND YOU SHALL BE DEAD!
I AM THE LAST DISCIPLE OF THE GREAT FLAME SPIRIT! NOTHING CAN WITHSTAND ME!
NOTHING BUT ONE THING!
AND IT'S ALL YOURS!
AS BOB LEAPS CLEAR, AND THE FLAMING TRUCK ROCKETS OFF THE ROAD---
WATER! THE CASKET WILL SINK---AND I MUST ENTER IT WHILE THE MOON IS FULL! IT IS THE MYSTIC LAW!
AND WITH A HISSING PLUNGE, THE FIERY FORM FOLLOWS THE CURSED CASKET---
A-EEEE!
SS-SSSS!
MINUTES LATER---
HE'S GONE, DARLING! YOU'VE DESTROYED HIM!
THE CREDIT BELONGS TO THE SEA! WATER HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE GREATEST DESTROYER OF FIRE!
AND YOU THINK THERE IS NO CHANCE OF IT EVER COMING BACK?
NOT IN A MILLION YEARS, HONEY! FIRE IS THE ONLY THING THAT COULD DO IT. AND WHO EVER HEARD OF THE OCEAN CATCHING FIRE?
THE END!



For recommended reading...

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

Romantic Adventures
Lovelorn
OUT OF THE NIGHT
FUNNY FILMS
The KILROYS
COOKIE
FORBIDDEN WORLDS
ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!
GIGGLE
HA HA

They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

READ THEM ALL
..REGULARLY..
Read AMERICAN!

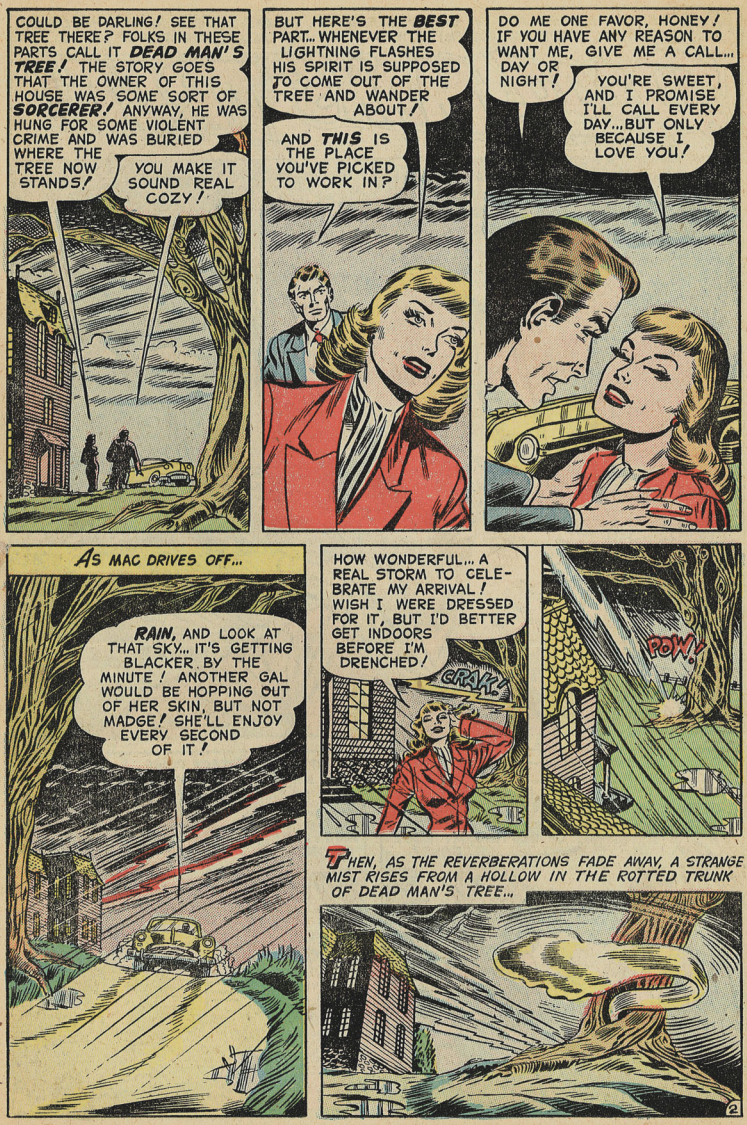
WHEN THE WIND HOWLED AND THE LIGHTNING FLASHED, NO ONE STIRRED BEYOND HIS DOOR! FOR THEN ALL HEARTS BECAME FILLED WITH DREAD, AND THE AWESOME TERROR OF THE...

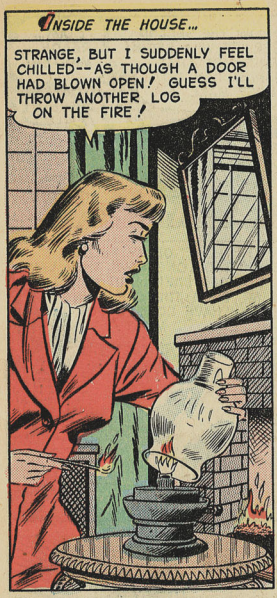
Dead MAN'S TREE!








COULD BE DARLING! SEE THAT TREE THERE? FOLKS IN THESE PARTS CALL IT DEAD MAN'S TREE! THE STORY GOES THAT THE OWNER OF THIS HOUSE WAS SOME SORT OF SORCERER! ANYWAY, HE WAS HUNG FOR SOME VIOLENT CRIME AND WAS BURIED WHERE THE TREE NOW STANDS!
YOU MAKE IT SOUND REAL COZY!
BUT HERE'S THE BEST PART... WHENEVER THE LIGHTNING FLASHES HIS SPIRIT IS SUPPOSED TO COME OUT OF THE TREE AND WANDER ABOUT!
AND THIS IS THE PLACE YOU'VE PICKED TO WORK IN?
DO ME ONE FAVOR, HONEY! IF YOU HAVE ANY REASON TO WANT ME, GIVE ME A CALL... DAY OR NIGHT!
YOU'RE SWEET, AND I PROMISE I'LL CALL EVERY DAY...BUT ONLY BECAUSE I LOVE YOU!
AS MAC DRIVES OFF...
RAIN, AND LOOK AT THAT SKY... IT'S GETTING BLACKER BY THE MINUTE! ANOTHER GAL WOULD BE HOPPING OUT OF HER SKIN, BUT NOT MADGE! SHE'LL ENJOY EVERY SECOND OF IT!
HOW WONDERFUL... A REAL STORM TO CELEBRATE MY ARRIVAL! WISH I WERE DRESSED FOR IT, BUT I'D BETTER GET INDOORS BEFORE I'M DRENCHED!
CRAK!
POW!
THEN, AS THE REVERBERATIONS FADE AWAY, A STRANGE MIST RISES FROM A HOLLOW IN THE ROTTED TRUNK OF DEAD MAN'S TREE...


INSIDE THE HOUSE...
STRANGE, BUT I SUDDENLY FEEL CHILLED--AS THOUGH A DOOR HAD BLOWN OPEN! GUESS I'LL THROW ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE!


THERE! THAT OUGHT TO... GOOD HEAVENS! THAT MIST... CREEPING IN FROM UNDER THE DOOR!


THEN, BEFORE HER STARTLED EYES...
YOU WILL MAKE NO OUTCRY! REMAIN PERFECTLY STILL AND NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU!


GAZE DEEPLY INTO MY EYES! LOOK WELL, AND BEHOLD WHAT I AM! TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE THERE--TELL ME!
I... I SEE CRUMBLING STONES... GRAVE-STONES! AND SWIRLING MIST... A... AND DEATH!


YES, DEATH! YOUR DEATH, UNLESS YOU DO MY BIDDING!
WHAT--DO YOU WISH?


LISTEN CAREFULLY, MORTAL! YOU HAVE COME HERE TO WRITE ON THE SUPERNATURAL, AND WHO CAN HELP YOU MORE THAN I? BUT IN RETURN YOU MUST DO SOMETHING FOR ME--SOMETHING THAT ONLY A MORTAL CAN DO! QUICKLY NOW, WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?
I... WILL... OBEY!

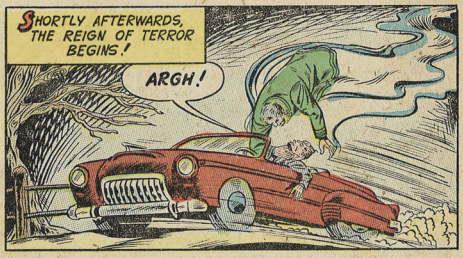

GOOD! I HAVE WAITED LONG FOR THIS MOMENT! COME!
LEAD... AND I WILL FOLLOW!
3

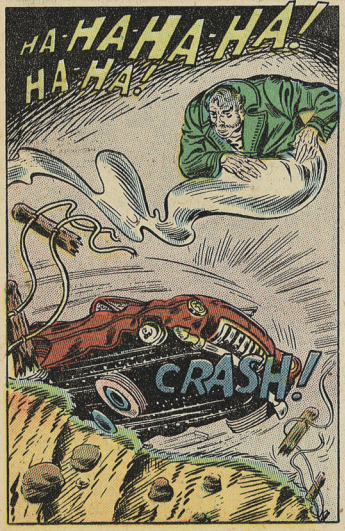

SWIFTLY, THE GHOSTLY IMAGE LEADS HER TO DEAD MAN'S TREE...
BREAK OFF SOME OF THE SMALLER BRANCHES! QUICKLY NOW... TIME IS FLEEING!
YES...
THAT WILL DO---NOW THE SECOND PART OF YOUR SERVICE WILL BEGIN! THE ALL-IMPORTANT PART THAT ONLY MORTAL HANDS CAN DO! BUT FIRST WE MUST MAKE A SHORT JOURNEY!
I AM... READY... MASTER!
W-WHERE ARE WE?
IN THE HOME OF MY FELLOW DEAD! TOO LONG HAVE THEY LAIN IN THE COLD EARTH, BUT NOW I BRING THEM THE ONE THING THEY HAVE LONGED FOR MOST!
WE BEGIN HERE, WITH THE GRAVE OF THE INFAMOUS JOHN FLAGG... MURDERER AND THIEF! THRUST ONE OF THE BRANCHES INTO THE EARTH--HURRY!
JOHN FLAG DIED 1587.
BEHOLD! THE MAGIC WORKS! HE RISES!
I'M FREE... FREE-- AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU! ASK WHATEVER YOU WISH... IT SHALL BE DONE!
I'LL HOLD YOU TO THAT, FLAGG...BUT FIRST WE MUST INCREASE OUR NUMBERS!
AGAIN AND AGAIN, MADGE THRUSTS A BRANCH INTO THE EARTH... AND A NEW SPECTRAL FORM EMERGES!
FRANK MEAD, ASSASSIN! THE LAST TO BE CALLED!

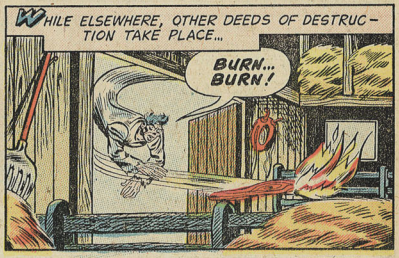

RETURN TO THE HOUSE AND AWAIT MY FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS! YOU WILL TELL NO ONE OF WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN, FOR YOU ARE SWORN TO MY CAUSE BY INDESTRUCTIBLE BONDS!
I OBEY... TO THE VERY END!

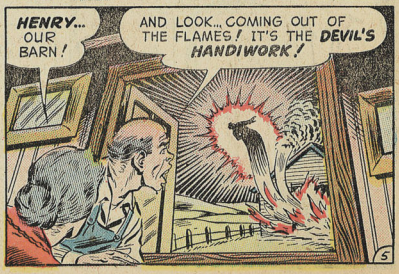

NOW HEAR ME, MY GHOSTLY PACK! YOU OWE YOUR RELEASE TO THE POWER OF MY TREE, WHOSE BRANCHES NOW MARK YOUR GRAVES! I DEMAND YOUR ALLEGIANCE AND SEEK REVENGE ON THE LIVING ANCESTORS OF THOSE WHO HUNG ME 200 YEARS AGO! DO YOU JOIN ME?


THEY HUNG ME TOO! I'M WITH YOU!
REVENGE FOR ALL OF US!
AND ME!

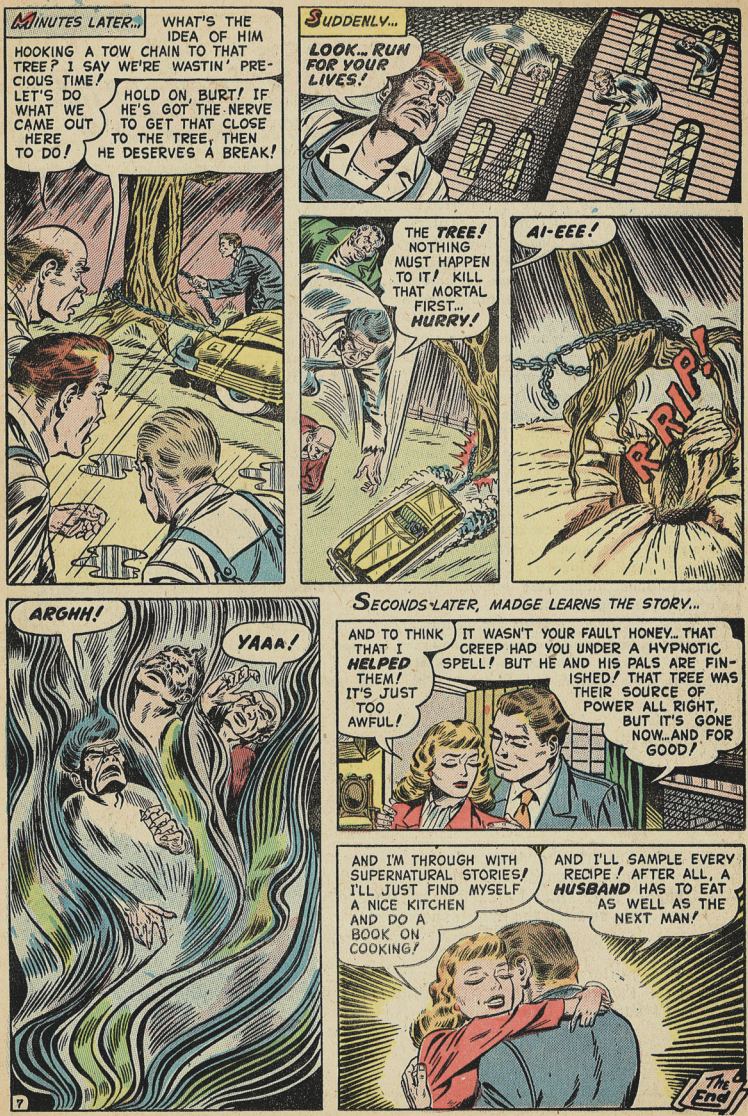

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THE REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS!
ARGH!


HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
CRASH!


WHILE ELSEWHERE, OTHER DEEDS OF DESTRUCTION TAKE PLACE...
BURN... BURN!


HENRY... OUR BARN!
AND LOOK... COMING OUT OF THE FLAMES! IT'S THE DEVIL'S HANDIWORK!


SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, IN THE TOWN'S GENERAL STORE...
I'LL TELL YA WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST! IT'S THE WORK OF A CURSED SPIRIT... AN' I'LL WAGER ANYTHIN' IT'S THE OLD VILLAIN BURIED BENEATH DEAD MAN'S TREE!
MARTIN'S RIGHT! FANNY AN' I SAW HIM WITH OUR OWN EYES!
AN' I'LL TELL YA SOMETHIN' ELSE! SOME CITY LADY MOVED INTO THE OLD HOUSE ABOUT A WEEK BACK, AN' SHE AIN'T SET FOOT OUT SINCE SHE CAME! I'LL BET MY THIRTY ACRES SHE'S GOT A HAND IN THIS MISCHIEF!
SHE'S A WITCH, I BET'CHA! I SAY BURN HER AND THE OLD PLACE DOWN!
MEANWHILE, AT THAT MOMENT, MAC APPROACHES THE OLD HOUSE...
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MADGE HASN'T GOTTEN IN TOUCH WITH ME ALL WEEK! WELL, I'LL FIND OUT SOON... SAY! THAT LIGHTNING ALMOST HIT THE OLD TREE!
GREAT GUNS! THERE'S SOMETHING COMING OUT OF THE TRUNK-- SOME SORT OF GHOST!
WHAT THE-- MADGE HAS OPENED THE DOOR FOR IT! SHE'S LETTING IT IN!
SUDDENLY...
A CROWD... HEADED THIS WAY, AND THEY LOOK LIKE THEY MEAN BUSINESS! I'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
AND WHEN MAC LEARNS THEIR PURPOSE...
IT'S NO USE ARGUIN', YOUNG FELLA! YOU ADMIT SEEIN' HER LET THE GHOST IN, AN' THAT'S ENOUGH FER US! SHE'S A WITCH, AND SHE'LL BURN LIKE ONE!
SHE'S NOTHING OF THE KIND! THAT THING THAT CAME OUT OF THE TREE HAS SOME KIND OF HOLD OVER HER! ALL I WANT IS A FEW MINUTES TO TRY SOMETHING THAT MIGHT WORK!
6


MINUTES LATER...
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF HIM HOOKING A TOW CHAIN TO THAT TREE? I SAY WE'RE WASTIN' PRECIOUS TIME! LET'S DO WHAT WE CAME OUT HERE TO DO!
HOLD ON, BURT! IF HE'S GOT THE NERVE TO GET THAT CLOSE TO THE TREE, THEN HE DESERVES A BREAK!
SUDDENLY...
LOOK... RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
THE TREE! NOTHING MUST HAPPEN TO IT! KILL THAT MORTAL FIRST... HURRY!
AI-EEE!
RRIP!
ARGHH!
YAAA!
SECONDS LATER, MADGE LEARNS THE STORY...
AND TO THINK THAT I HELPED THEM! IT'S JUST TOO AWFUL!
IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT HONEY... THAT CREEP HAD YOU UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL! BUT HE AND HIS PALS ARE FINISHED! THAT TREE WAS THEIR SOURCE OF POWER ALL RIGHT, BUT IT'S GONE NOW...AND FOR GOOD!
AND I'M THROUGH WITH SUPERNATURAL STORIES! I'LL JUST FIND MYSELF A NICE KITCHEN AND DO A BOOK ON COOKING!
AND I'LL SAMPLE EVERY RECIPE! AFTER ALL, A HUSBAND HAS TO EAT AS WELL AS THE NEXT MAN!
The End
7

From YOUR EDITOR - to YOU!

PRACTICALLY EVERY DAY we receive requests for back numbers of *"Forbidden Worlds"*. We're flattered by this evidence of reader interest, but the fact is that we can almost never satisfy the demand. The early issues of *"Forbidden Worlds"* have now become collectors' items, and the only chance of getting a copy is to trade for it.

However, those of you who have stuck by us from the beginning are well aware that the contents of *"Forbidden Worlds"* have steadily *improved*, although our first efforts were hailed from coast to coast as already tops in the field. From the very first our policy has been to permit nothing in this magazine that was not the *best*, and this has been a constant and difficult challenge.

Our writers and researchers operate in all parts of the country, sifting reports, tracking down evidence of supernatural manifestations, judging the authenticity of all phenomena which seem to come from the great *Unknown*. Stories are months in the making, the result of devoted and unflagging devotion to the one subject which fascinates us all...the *supernatural*. This is the bond which has caused *"Forbidden Worlds"* clubs to spring up all over the country, and which drives us relentlessly to ever greater effort.

We feel this issue will meet with your enthusiastic approval. The grim and eerie fate of the old prospector in *"Ghost Gold"* will keep you at the edge of your seat through the last gasp-laden moment. As for *"The Cursed Casket!"*, its dire and spine-tingling menace guarantees thrills and chills galore. For something off the beaten path, don't miss *"Dead Man's Tree!"*...in which awful evil springs from beyond the grave to seek murderous vengeance. *"The Dance of Death"* is a spellbinding tale you'll want to read again and again, for the weird thud of an ancient tom-tom will grip you in the icy clutch of terrifying suspense.

We like nothing better than to hear from our readers, and that means *you!* Why not let us know how *you* feel about our efforts, as thousands of your fellow fans have? Simply write to The Editor, *"Forbidden Worlds"*, 45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

And now, let's dip into our mailbag:

"Dear Editor:-

I *read every copy of 'Forbidden Worlds' I get hold of and I liked every one. Especially swell was the story 'The Devil and Tommy Trent'. Good luck and keep up the good work.*

--N. Hall, Hartwell, Mo."

"Dear Editor:-

I *have always been an ardent reader of fantasy. Your comic is superb. Ever since I picked up my first copy of 'Forbidden Worlds' I have anxiously awaited the next issue.*

--Jo-Ann West, Canoga Park, Calif."

"Dear Editor:-

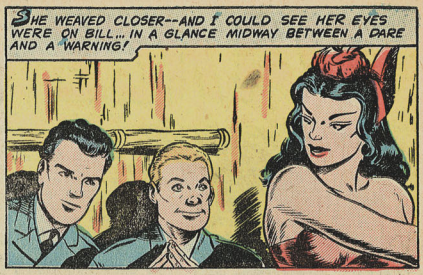
I *thought the story 'The Pirate and the Voodoo Queen' was tops. Let's have more like this one.*

--Tommie McDaniel, Lake Worth, Fla."

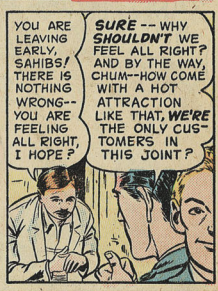
The DANCE of DEATH



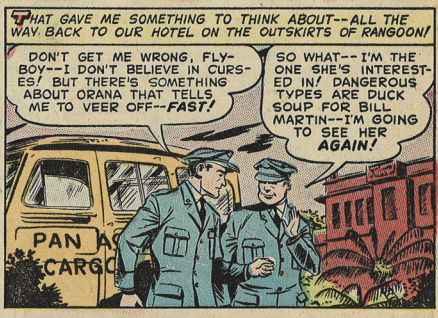

NOT BAD, HUH?
ARE YOU KIDDING? SHE'S TERRIFIC, BUZZ --I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES OFF HER!

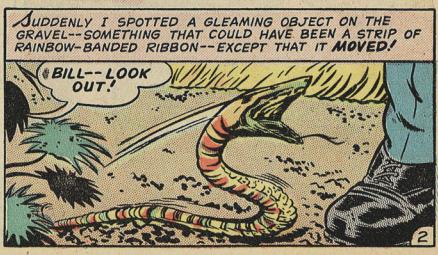

SHE WEAVED CLOSER--AND I COULD SEE HER EYES WERE ON BILL... IN A GLANCE MIDWAY BETWEEN A DARE AND A WARNING!

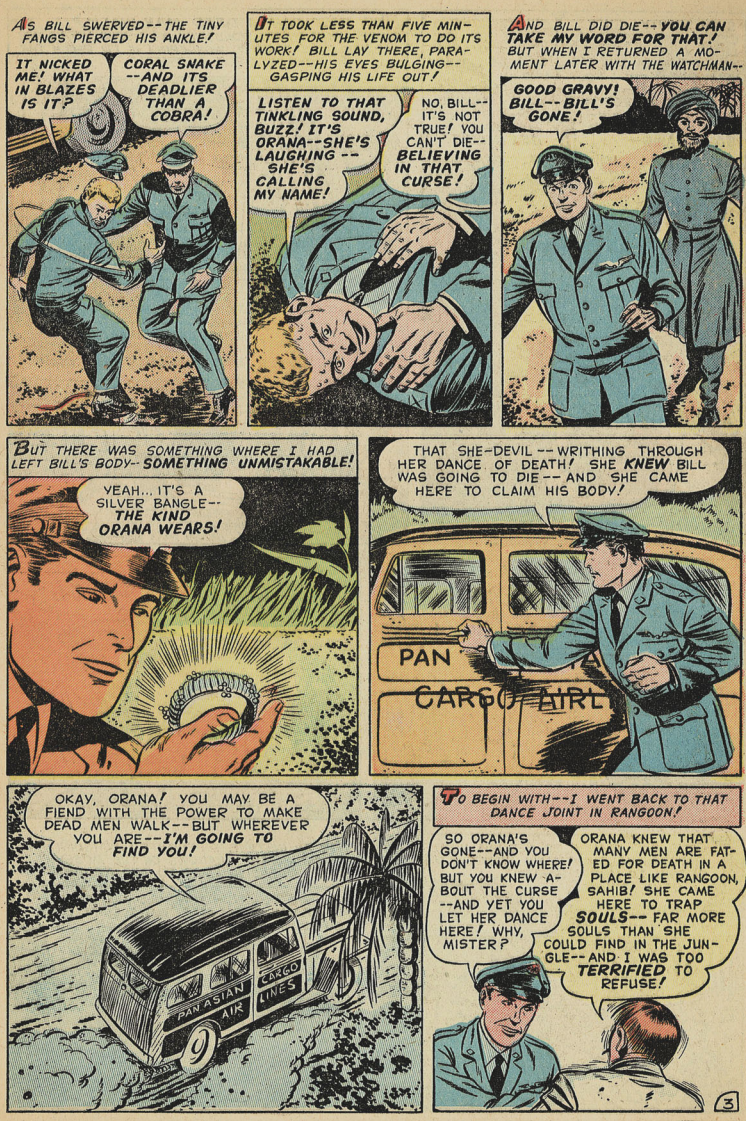

MAN! THINK OF HAVING A CHICK LIKE THAT AROUND ALL THE TIME... FOR A CENTURY... OR ETERNITY!
COME ON, BILL--LET'S HIGHBALL OUTTA HERE BEFORE YOU GO COMPLETELY OFF YOUR LOOP!

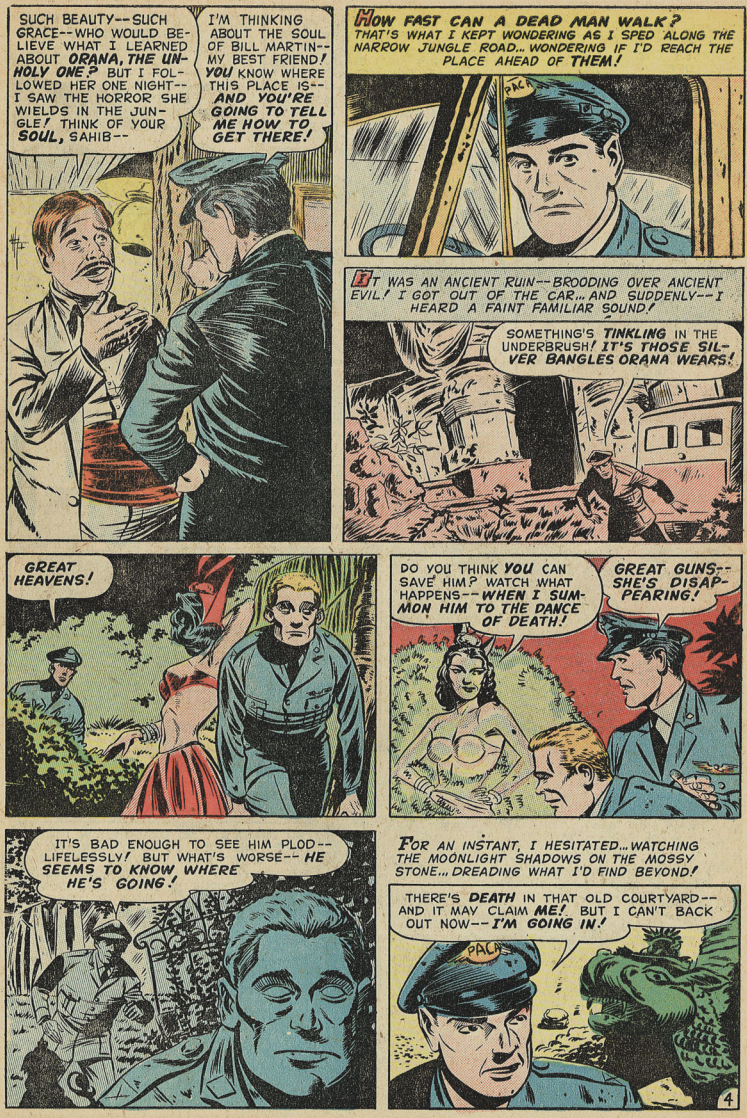

YOU ARE LEAVING EARLY, SAHIBS! THERE IS NOTHING WRONG--YOU ARE FEELING ALL RIGHT, I HOPE?
SURE--WHY SHOULDN'T WE FEEL ALL RIGHT? AND BY THE WAY, CHUM--HOW COME WITH A HOT ATTRACTION LIKE THAT, WE'RE THE ONLY CUSTOMERS IN THIS JOINT?


ORANA IS BEAUTIFUL, SAHIBS--BUT FEW MEN HAVE THE COURAGE TO COME HERE AND WATCH HER DANCE! THERE ARE WHISPERINGS THAT SAY WHEN A MAN IS SMITTEN WITH ORANA--HE IS READY FOR DEATH!


THAT GAVE ME SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT--ALL THE WAY BACK TO OUR HOTEL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF RANGOON!
DON'T GET ME WRONG, FLYBOY--I DON'T BELIEVE IN CURSES! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ORANA THAT TELLS ME TO VEER OFF--FAST!
SO WHAT--I'M THE ONE SHE'S INTERESTED IN! DANGEROUS TYPES ARE DUCK SOUP FOR BILL MARTIN--I'M GOING TO SEE HER AGAIN!
PAN A
CARGO

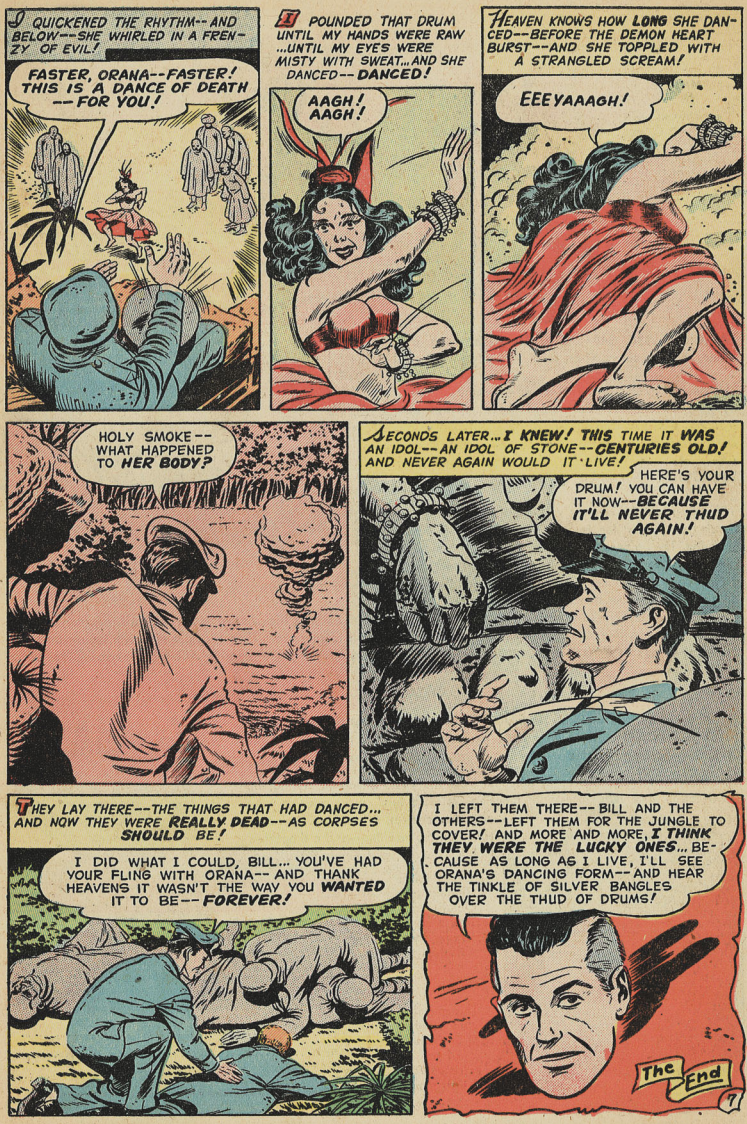

SUDDENLY I SPOTTED A GLEAMING OBJECT ON THE GRAVEL--SOMETHING THAT COULD HAVE BEEN A STRIP OF RAINBOW-BANDED RIBBON--EXCEPT THAT IT MOVED!
BILL--LOOK OUT!


AS BILL SWERVED--THE TINY FANGS PIERCED HIS ANKLE!
IT NICKED ME! WHAT IN BLAZES IS IT?
CORAL SNAKE --AND ITS DEADLIER THAN A COBRA!
IT TOOK LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES FOR THE VENOM TO DO ITS WORK! BILL LAY THERE, PARALYZED--HIS EYES BULGING--GASPING HIS LIFE OUT!
LISTEN TO THAT TINKLING SOUND, BUZZ! IT'S ORANA--SHE'S LAUGHING--SHE'S CALLING MY NAME!
NO, BILL--IT'S NOT TRUE! YOU CAN'T DIE--BELIEVING IN THAT CURSE!
AND BILL DID DIE--YOU CAN TAKE MY WORD FOR THAT! BUT WHEN I RETURNED A MOMENT LATER WITH THE WATCHMAN--
GOOD GRAVY! BILL--BILL'S GONE!
BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING WHERE I HAD LEFT BILL'S BODY--SOMETHING UNMISTAKABLE!
YEAH... IT'S A SILVER BANGLE--THE KIND ORANA WEARS!
THAT SHE-DEVIL--WRITHING THROUGH HER DANCE OF DEATH! SHE KNEW BILL WAS GOING TO DIE--AND SHE CAME HERE TO CLAIM HIS BODY!
PAN
CARGO AIRL
OKAY, ORANA! YOU MAY BE A FIEND WITH THE POWER TO MAKE DEAD MEN WALK--BUT WHEREVER YOU ARE--I'M GOING TO FIND YOU!
PAN ASIAN AIR
CARGO LINES
TO BEGIN WITH--I WENT BACK TO THAT DANCE JOINT IN RANGOON!
SO ORANA'S GONE--AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE! BUT YOU KNEW ABOUT THE CURSE --AND YET YOU LET HER DANCE HERE! WHY, MISTER?
ORANA KNEW THAT MANY MEN ARE FATED FOR DEATH IN A PLACE LIKE RANGOON, SAHIB! SHE CAME HERE TO TRAP SOULS--FAR MORE SOULS THAN SHE COULD FIND IN THE JUNGLE--AND I WAS TOO TERRIFIED TO REFUSE!
3


SUCH BEAUTY--SUCH GRACE--WHO WOULD BELIEVE WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT ORANA, THE UNHOLY ONE? BUT I FOLLOWED HER ONE NIGHT--I SAW THE HORROR SHE WIELDS IN THE JUNGLE! THINK OF YOUR SOUL, SAHIB--
I'M THINKING ABOUT THE SOUL OF BILL MARTIN--MY BEST FRIEND! YOU KNOW WHERE THIS PLACE IS--AND YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME HOW TO GET THERE!
HOW FAST CAN A DEAD MAN WALK? THAT'S WHAT I KEPT WONDERING AS I SPED ALONG THE NARROW JUNGLE ROAD... WONDERING IF I'D REACH THE PLACE AHEAD OF THEM!
PACK
IT WAS AN ANCIENT RUIN--BROODING OVER ANCIENT EVIL! I GOT OUT OF THE CAR... AND SUDDENLY--I HEARD A FAINT FAMILIAR SOUND!
SOMETHING'S TINKLING IN THE UNDERBRUSH! IT'S THOSE SILVER BANGLES ORANA WEARS!
GREAT HEAVENS!
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SAVE HIM? WATCH WHAT HAPPENS--WHEN I SUMMON HIM TO THE DANCE OF DEATH!
GREAT GUNS--SHE'S DISAPPEARING!
IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO SEE HIM PLOD--LIFELESSLY! BUT WHAT'S WORSE--HE SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING!
FOR AN INSTANT, I HESITATED... WATCHING THE MOONLIGHT SHADOWS ON THE MOSSY STONE... DREADING WHAT I'D FIND BEYOND!
THERE'S DEATH IN THAT OLD COURTYARD--AND IT MAY CLAIM ME! BUT I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW--I'M GOING IN!
PACK
4


THERE'S BILL--WITH DOZENS OF OTHER CORPSES ORANA HAS LURED TO THIS PLACE!
BILL, EVEN IF YOU ARE DEAD--YOU MUST BE ABLE TO HEAR ME! YOU DON'T BELONG HERE, BILL--LET'S SCRAM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
BILL DIDN'T ANSWER! BUT ALL AROUND HIM--A MURMER AROSE FROM THE STARING DEAD!
WE ARE WAITING FOR ORANA'S DRUM!
WE ARE WAITING FOR THE DANCE OF DEATH!
THEY MAY BE ENSLAVED BY ORANA-- BUT I'M NOT! IF I FIND THAT FIEND--I'LL KILL HER!
I RUSHED BLINDLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE FOR A FEW YARDS--AND THEN--MY RAGE OOZED OUT INTO TERROR!
HOLY MACKEREL! THAT IDOL'S LIKE SOMETHING DREDGED UP FROM A NIGHTMARE!
OR IS IT AN IDOL? IT'S MOVING--IT'S RAISING THE DRUM!
I'LL NEVER FORGET THE HOLLOW THUD THAT BOOMED THROUGH THE JUNGLE--BECAUSE I KNEW WHAT IT WOULD BRING! I HEARD IT IN A MOMENT...A BEAT THAT SEEMED TO ANSWER THE DRUM--A BEAT THAT GREW LOUDER--THE THUMPING FOOTSTEPS OF THE DEAD!


I YELLED TO BILL! BUT BILL WAS DEAD--DEAD TO EVERYTHING BUT THE SOUND OF THAT DRUM!
THEY'RE MOVING FASTER--FORMING A CIRCLE AROUND THAT FIGURE!
THE DANCE OF DEATH! YE GODS, WHY DIDN'T I REALIZE IT SOONER--THAT HIDEOUS FORM IS ORANA!
YOU GRISLY HAG--I'LL TAKE THAT!
DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO NEXT--BUT I'D BETTER GET UP HERE OUT OF REACH!
I CLIMBED NEARLY TWENTY FEET WHEN I HEARD A VOICE--A SOFT, CARESSING VOICE--AND THE TINKLE OF SILVER BANGLES!
BUZZ RYAN--WAIT! ARE YOU AFRAID OF ME?
GIVE ME MY DRUM, BUZZ RYAN! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR--ONLY THE DEAD MUST FOLLOW ITS BEAT IN THE DANCE OF DEATH!
THE DEAD... SUPPOSE THAT INCLUDED YOU, ORANA?
I'VE GOT THE DRUM, ORANA--AND YOU'RE GOING TO DANCE! LISTEN TO IT THUD--AND SEE IF YOU CAN HELP YOURSELF!
NO--NO--PUT THE DRUM DOWN!
6


I QUICKENED THE RHYTHM--AND BELOW--SHE WHIRLED IN A FRENZY OF EVIL!
FASTER, ORANA--FASTER! THIS IS A DANCE OF DEATH --FOR YOU!
I POUNDED THAT DRUM UNTIL MY HANDS WERE RAW ...UNTIL MY EYES WERE MISTY WITH SWEAT...AND SHE DANCED--DANCED!
AAGH! AAGH!
HEAVEN KNOWS HOW LONG SHE DANCED--BEFORE THE DEMON HEART BURST--AND SHE TOPPLED WITH A STRANGLED SCREAM!
EEEyaaagh!
HOLY SMOKE--WHAT HAPPENED TO HER BODY?
SECONDS LATER...I KNEW! THIS TIME IT WAS AN IDOL--AN IDOL OF STONE--CENTURIES OLD! AND NEVER AGAIN WOULD IT LIVE!
HERE'S YOUR DRUM! YOU CAN HAVE IT NOW--BECAUSE IT'LL NEVER THUD AGAIN!
THEY LAY THERE--THE THINGS THAT HAD DANCED... AND NOW THEY WERE REALLY DEAD--AS CORPSES SHOULD BE!
I DID WHAT I COULD, BILL... YOU'VE HAD YOUR FLING WITH ORANA--AND THANK HEAVENS IT WASN'T THE WAY YOU WANTED IT TO BE--FOREVER!
I LEFT THEM THERE--BILL AND THE OTHERS--LEFT THEM FOR THE JUNGLE TO COVER! AND MORE AND MORE, I THINK THEY WERE THE LUCKY ONES... BECAUSE AS LONG AS I LIVE, I'LL SEE ORANA'S DANCING FORM--AND HEAR THE TINKLE OF SILVER BANGLES OVER THE THUD OF DRUMS!
The End
7

New, Amazing Offer—Now Easy To Own A Typewriter

For ONLY

$9.98 DOWN

THIS NEW EASY-TO-PAY CLUB PLAN DELIVERS TO YOUR HOME A Guaranteed Factory Sealed ALL-NEW



Remington PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

EARN $20, $30, $40 and more each week at home in your spare time with your typewriter.

MODEL A
$95.00
Plus $5.94 Fed. Tax
$9.98 down
$8.14 per month



This Booklet "How To Earn Money At Home In Your Spare Time On Your Portable Typewriter" will be included with your typewriter. Many people are now earning money at home addressing envelopes, typing menus, etc., etc. This booklet shows how to get that kind of work, what to charge, etc.

YES only $9.98 delivers the ALL-NEW factory sealed Remington Typewriter to your home, carrying case included. The balance of only $8.14 per month makes it very little to pay. The total price is only $95.00 plus $5.94 Fed. tax. It makes a wonderful gift for the boy or girl in high school or college—typed work usually gets better school marks. Makes it easy for dad to carry on his business trips. When you type on a Remington Portable the entire writing line is visible. Make money at home with it in your spare time (Booklet sent with typewriter shows how easy it can be done!). Each typewriter carries a factory warranty. An amazing ALL-NEW personal typewriter.

Don't Be Without A Typewriter—Rush $9.98 With Coupon Today!

NOW, only $9.98 DELIVERS THE AMAZING NEW REMINGTON QUIET-RITER PORTABLE, balance only $9.03 per month, (PRICE $105.00 plus $6.54 tax), carrying case included.

QUIET-RITER $105.00 plus $6.54 Fed. excise tax = $9.98 down $9.03 per month



The ONLY office typewriter in personal size. It's years ahead in styling, in construction, and in features. Has amazing "miracle tab," gives positive tabular stop control, with a stop for every space on the machine—and a simplified ribbon changer, and finger fitted keys.



Order this Remington Quiet-riter, factory sealed in carrying case, today.

This smartly styled carrying case is included at no extra charge with both models.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

SLOAN and PETERS, Dept. 117
Box 313, Cooper Station, New York 3, N.Y.

☐ I enclose $9.98 send the "ALL NEW" Remington Portable. I will make monthly payments of $8.14. Include booklet on "How To Earn Money At Home" and carrying case. I understand this is a factory sealed typewriter with a factory warranty.

☐ I enclose $9.98 send the Remington "Quiet-riter" portable and carrying case plus booklet. I will pay $9.03 per month. I understand this is a factory sealed typewriter with a factory warranty.

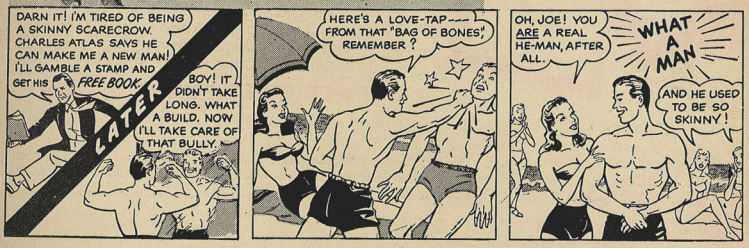
Name

Address

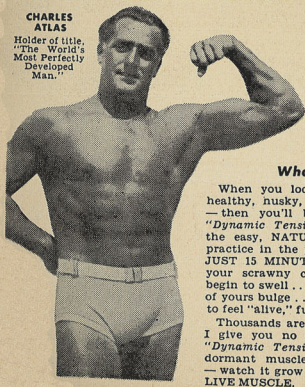
City Zone State

Note: You may send full price if you wish.





I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body-building system, *"Dynamic Tension."* It made me such a *complete* specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast *"Dynamic Tension"* GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With *"Dynamic Tension"* you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for $1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 32 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A *real prize* for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: *Charles Atlas, Dept.* 29 *115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.*



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 29
115 East 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.

Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

☐ If under 16 years of age check here for Booklet A.

Need Extra Spending Money?

HERE'S $50

TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!



It's Fun to Earn Money the Easy Stuart Way!



It's Easy To Make Money... Look At These Exceptional Earning Records

K.W.C., Geneva, Nebr., made **$64.00**
K.C., Marion, Ind., made **$52.00**
J.D., Milwaukee, Wis., made **$108.00**
S.K., Chicago, Ill., made **$147.00**
R.B., Medway, Mass., made **$59.00**
D.S., Boulder, Colo., made **$55.00**
D.B., Holland, Mich., made **$50.00**
W.A., Goodland, Ind., made **$59.00**

CLUB MEMBERS!
Your organization can earn hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven STUART fund-raising plan. Send coupon for full details.

STUART GREETINGS, INC.
325 W. Randolph St., Dept. 404, Chicago 6, Ill.

Take Easy Orders For STUART CHRISTMAS CARDS

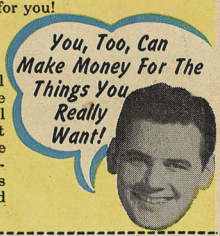
Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself! You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Christmas, birthdays and other year 'round occasions. We send you the samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost *everybody* buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE TO EARN!

Exciting new 21-Card Christmas Assortment at $1 is a bargain that sells itself. Yet you keep up to 50¢ of each $1 as your quick, cash profit. Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and *$50 is yours!* Low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, All-Occasion Assortments, Stationery and many other fast-sellers make still more money for you!

GET SAMPLES ON FREE TRIAL!

Send no money! We'll send you saleable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon.



MAIL COUPON NOW

STUART GREETINGS, INC., Dept. 404
325 W. Randolph St., Chicago 6, Ill.

YES! I want to earn extra spending money. Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

Name

Address

City & Zone *State*

If for a club, give its name above.

scanned by Henry_Pete, edited by svlyn